Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 24, 1916 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Under the Leaves

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blessed foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south-wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers—
Spring's children, pure and tender.

Oh prophet-flowers!—with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing.

—Albert Laighton

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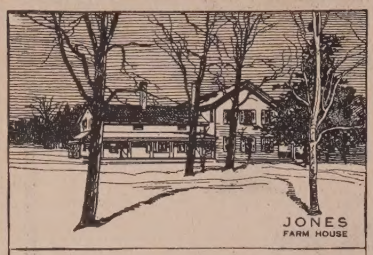
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO



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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1916. NUMBER 26

Radio
Cape Race, N. F.
Feb. 20, 1916.
S. S. New Amsterdam.

All Souls Church,
Chicago.
Supply for twenty-seventh. Rough sea delays.
All well.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The above word will be as disappointing to the readers of UNITY as it was to those who have been trying to keep things going during the editor's absence. We hope he will be back at his table to send to you his message in the next issue of UNITY, which begins a new volume. We take this opportunity to thank those who have so generously contributed to our columns during these last months.

The church presided over by the Rev. E. G. Updike, of Madison, Wis., erected the first house of worship in that city. Its annual meeting last month completed its seventy-five years of active work. Since 1876 the church has had but two pastors, Mr. Updike, the present incumbent, having been with them for twenty-five years, and with fair prospects of many useful years to come.

The word "Quakers" as a part of the name of a cereal, or a cloth, or any other article of merchandise, has always carried with it a guaranty of superior excellence which has indirectly been complimentary to that ancient peace-loving sect, and therefore not objectionable. When, however, the "Old Quaker Rye Whiskey" and later a "Quaker Beer" concluded to make capital out of this honored old title, the Friends naturally objected, and they have caused a bill to be introduced in Congress, prohibiting the commercial use of their name for any purpose.

"We never can have too much of Abraham Lincoln," is the word of a well known English periodical in a Lincoln birthday notice of a new book on this ever-interesting personality. And it reaches the tender places in our American hearts to note that scarcely an exchange in the English language wherever published, neglected to recognize with a universal reverence and admiration, the anniversary of the birth of the Great American. We are reminded of the traveler who reported that in circling the world he found the pictured face of Lincoln in every class of home, from peasant's cottage to prince's palace, more often repeated and more highly honored than that of any other save the local reigning monarch.

The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that under the law as it now stands, women may not share in the election of precinct, ward and state committeemen, nor of delegates to the national conventions. The power of the assembly to make necessary curative amendments is not questioned. This does not cut off the right of the women of the state to vote for presidential electors, but the law should be made broader and if necessary the constitution should be amended so as to make that possible. For the sake of both men and women there should be no handicap placed upon either. A morning paper puts it this way:

> Experience with the partial suffrage of the present is the best argument for the full franchise of the future. Women have been a power for good government in Illinois. They have supported clean candidates; they have defeated misrepresentative officials. They have converted the unbelievers in their own ranks and among men. They have assured a final victory. Woman suffrage in Illinois has nothing to fear.

A London religious paper appeals editorially to its clientelle on the ground of the increasing difficulties which they are meeting in its publication on account of the war. The importation of wood pulp for use in the manufacture of paper is restricted by the government, and the price of paper has gone up over one hundred per cent and is still rising. On the other hand, advertising is steadily and rapidly falling off and subscriptions also to a considerable extent. Very few religious papers enjoy a margin of profit in the best of times that can stand this burning of the candle at both ends, so it is not surprising that the ranks of such periodicals are already thinning out. While this is true, many English papers emphasize the fact that the war is bringing a new spirit of "togetherness" in matters religious, just as it has done in matters political. Merely denominational differences seem less significant than formerly, and some of those who have dreamed of a larger spirit of brotherhood which would ultimately bring about combination and co-operation and co-ordination, to the strengthening and enlarging

of church comradeship and usefulness, feel that there is a gleam of hope in that direction, growing brighter and stronger in the presence of the atmosphere of suffering and heroism which permeates the whole country.

How often we hear the words, "Oh, he is only a dreamer," spoken in scorn and derision of one who is battling for some ideal more or less (generally less) popular. And how often we see the unpopular and apparently, impossible ideal of today the popular reality of tomorrow. The dreamer or idealist who continued to dream, who held steadfastly to his high ideal drew in his train other idealists till in time their combined powers forced the ideal to become the real—and then the world wondered how it had ever existed before the time of this or that particular reform which at first thought had been termed an impossible dream.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns;
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a thousand morns.

Immediately following the beatitude promising the inheritance of the earth to a certain class, I would add this: Blessed are they who through all contumely hold fast to their dream—for *they* shall re-create the earth!

For many years the *Boston Transcript* has annually made a census or compilation covering the field of poetry during the past year, to the great delight and convenience of many students of poetry. Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has this year been doing the same service for the short story. He has read all the magazines of 1915 and made a study of over two thousand short stories published in those magazines. His report on such work in an article in the *Transcript* of January 8th contains much that is quotable. His choice of the five best stories of the year is:

"Zelig. By Benjamin Rosenblatt. *The Bellman.*

"Ultima Thule." By John Galsworthy. *The Delineator.*

"The Friends." By Stacy Aumonier. *The Century.*

"Jeanne the Maid." By Gordon Arthur Smith. *Scribner's.*

"The Weaver Who Clad the Summer." By Harris Merton Lyon. *Illustrated Sunday Magazine.*

He singles out one new periodical and one new short-story writer as claiming unique attention this year for their recent achievement and abundant future promise. The magazine is *The Midland,* first issued in Iowa City, and the writer is Seumas O'Brien, the writer of fables. He says:

In Seumas O'Brien I believe that America has found a new humorist of popular sympathies, a rare observer and philosopher whose very absurdities have a persuasive philosophy of their own.

The Fear of War and "Shiny Eyes"

Dan was six, a nervous, high strung child. Mary was four, loving to please those who seemed to be running things.

Mother returned one afternoon to find Dan in a dreadful state of fear because of "Shiny Eyes." Shiny Eyes were everywhere, especially in dark closets and rooms upstairs. Oh, yes, they were, Mary had seen them, too; in fact, she saw them first, they had pinched her so she cried, and knocked her down—to all of which Mary gleefully agreed showing where she fell and how she cried.

Mary was summoned to the rear bathroom. "Now, Mary, I want the truth about Shiny Eyes. Eyes cannot pinch or knock people down." "But they did me. Ask Dan if they didn't and I cried real tears." After much persuasion and some coercion Mary confessed that it was all made up by the older girl next door to scare Dan.

Here we have the same three always and forever with us. The nervous public, the politician wanting to please and stand in with the Big Interests next door. The Big Interests using the politicians to scare the public because it profits them. The public will never listen to reason when we tell them Shiny Eyes can't hurt us or menace our national honor.

Oh, for a mother to summon the politicians to a rear bathroom and with the hair brush, if necessary, make them confess it was all made up by the Big Interests to scare the public.

A Rival M. V. L.

The preliminary report of the M. V. L. mentioned in last week's UNITY has already borne harvest. Indeed, it would seem to have thoroughly aroused the gray wolves in their lair, and war has been declared by the very men whose measures and records it is the business of the M. V. L. to report faithfully for the guidance of voters of the City of Chicago. The declaration of war takes the form of an application at Springfield for the right to organize a counter—or as the league has christened it, a counterfeit M. V. L., which proposes to adopt the name and presumably some of the prestige of the established society, the only change in the name being the addition of the word Chicago antecedent to the old title. Its avowed

purpose is to issue the same form of guide for voters, presenting therein certain aldermen who have figured as gray wolves or worse, in a more favorable light, and certain others who have figured as "desirable and fit" city fathers of proven trustworthiness, in a less favorable light, and also endorsing certain official action which has been stamped by the M. V. L. as absolutely detrimental to the good of the city.

This new-born political infant is greeted by its elder namesake with the joy of the born fighter, feeling, as is claimed, that the more publicity the episode is given the better; the more light thrown on the dark places of the city's history, the clearer the path of the voter, and it asks no better proof of the real value of its work in the past than that some one else is so anxious to counterfeit it. Judging from the tone of its public greeting of the new venture, the original M. V. L. certainly is not worrying about the effect of its rival on the citizens of Chicago. According to a morning paper one of its officials aptly expresses his freedom from anxiety on this account by quoting a line from a current popular play, "I know of nothing of less consequence."

Almost as we write these words the sad news of the death of Dr. H. B. Favill is flashed across the country. Born of pure American blood, of magnificent physique and energy, Dr. Favill attained the highest peaks of the medical profession in Chicago. In the developing of pure-bred cattle his name stands right alongside of those who have made dairying a highly honored profession.

And still he found time and interest to devote to public affairs and always to their great gain.

Among the many other positions of public trust occupied by the doctor, was that of president of the Municipal Voters League for three years. It is the personality of such men as Dr. Favill, of George E. Cole, who preceded and of Lessing Rosenthal who succeeded him as president of the League, which constitutes the foundation of its power and commands the confidence of the public. Mr. Rosenthal paid Dr. Favill a high tribute as a laborer in this important field in these words:

> Though he previously had paid no special attention to municipal politics, he soon acquired the firmest grasp of the situation and surprised the members of the league's executive committee, all of whom had grown up with the organization, by his keen and unbiased judgment, his clear and discriminating perception of men's true worth and qualifications and his fearless opposition to those who were wrong.
>
> His powerful frame housed a powerful mind, whose intelligent force constantly was exerted in the service of the community. Good government, clean politics, municipal improvement and sanitary progress have lost one of their ablest champions.
>
> A. L. K.

Delinquent Chicago

Chicago is being stirred up and organized to save the boys and girls. The instant and wide response to these calls to consider ways and means indicates a sincere desire to do something to make our city more wholesome for young people.

Should anyone dare to misuse this present agitation for selfish or political ends it would not only be the political undoing of one so foolish, but would set back the solution of the problem for years.

Chicago is summoned to appear before the Bar of Justice. Is there a judge wise enough to point out the way to reform, and can we find probation officers sufficiently intelligent and strong to carry out instructions?

Industrialism has crowded us together so closely in our cities that we poison each other's air, as for yard space, most of us haven't even six feet of earth until we are dead and our children have no place to play but the streets, and such streets!

At heart we are still an agricultural people. All our ideals and traditions are deep rooted in the country. The same is true of most of the aliens who come into our cities lured by the same industrialism that holds us.

We are not blaming industrialism for the present bad conditions, they are only passing phases of the present experiment. We have not yet learned how to live in cities successfully and happily and the children are the ones who chiefly suffer from the maladjustment of the old order of home life to the new conditions.

The freedom every child seeks and must have to be self-reliant, leads at once into grave dangers. The adventures boys and girls need, and long for, end in lawlessness and for most of them a conflict with authority. The children are still quite normal. We must change the normal child or adjust the city to its needs.

The industrial world is dominated at the top by the capitalist seeking quick returns on investments, "Let us get rich quick. Never mind the next generation. Posterity has done nothing for us, why do anything for posterity!" A little wholesome ancestor worship as practiced in Japan might help our capitalists. The unions at the other end demand their share and again the child suffers—exploited by the one, shut out even as an apprentice by the other. The unions offer as an excuse they must limit the number of workers, so all suffer from low wages, and rents and living steadily rise. Still there is much vacant land held for the unearned increment thereon to enrich the owner.

Many are they who place the blame and offer remedies. We are hastening none too wisely to equip more and more playgrounds, still filling them with athletic apparatus and neglecting to insist on the

trained woman to lead in group play. Just now bathing beaches are very popular. We spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on equipment for this delightful and healthful recreation enjoyed but two months in the year, and long lines stand waiting for a chance. If there is one place where the "Move On" sign is needed, it is at our beaches. Those who get there first go to stay. Our beaches are too much a place for lounging instead of swimming.

Some say our police force is to blame. It is true, as at present organized, our policemen are not always as alert and active in the cause of law and order as they might be. But if we offer the wages of a day laborer and look down on the job, we can hardly expect men of the type desirable as high school principals to enter the police force. We wonder if it isn't the women's business, in the interests of home life, to insist our public servants be paid wages that presuppose home life and family. We know the wages of such public servants are based on the army notion that a bachelor makes the best soldier, and they are paid as bachelors. If we paid our policemen as family men, there might not be the temptation to accept bribes. Our policewomen are paid usually much less than the men.

Our preachers have decided the home is to blame. Perhaps the preachers are as much to blame as any one for our home conditions. How can any woman with a large family, a small income, and a smaller flat give her older children companionship and chaperonage away from home while the little ones are at home alone, or yet have the little ones sleep if the older ones have their noisy fun at home? The churches might supply much the homes lack. Until the churches are open for wholesome fun weekdays the ministers are living in glass houses.

Our School Board, too, would solve the problem by military training. They declare that what is needed, by the boys at least, is discipline and authority. These can be supplied by military training in the public schools. By all means teach the feet to step to music, the arms to handle a gun, the trigger finger to know that which has been evolved through the ages, how to kill a fellow-being, and the problem is solved. No need to ask if it is too little or too much authority of the wrong kind, nor seek the self-discipline that makes a man ruler of himself. A few hours' training each week by an army expert, or one who looks like an expert, and the trick is turned, our lawless boys are law-abiding citizens and what is better, so they say, fit to be soldiers in four years.

What is Chicago going to do about it? Keep on growing hysterical on occasion about poolrooms, dance halls and cabarets? Directing public attention to these obvious faults yet doing nothing about the fundamental evil of protected organized vice, protected because organized and used as a political asset? How long must we suffer from such politics in our American cities?

It is time, and there is enough intelligence in Chicago, to calmly, carefully, wisely set about finding the way by which Chicago can be made fit and safe for children and then set about doing it, even if it means the entire reorganization of industry and politics, education and recreation. It may, probably will, take all eternity to accomplish it, but it is high time Chicago should set about it. O. C. S.

AMERICA FOR MANKIND

A Song of Love.

The ends of the earth let us gather
And bind them in love to our side.
For this would be honor and glory;
Aye, this, the just ground of our pride.

How then could men question or doubt us,
So open and clear would we stand;
A brother united to brothers,
With hand clasped in comradely hand.

Whatever the need men may suffer
Our joy it would be to supply;
We are rich for the welfare of nations,
And strong that none needlessly die.

The Lord hath dealt mightily with us,
Hath led us and granted His grace,
That peace may flow forth as a river,
And fellowship compass the race.

Then arm we our spirit with kindness,
And bastion our mind with concern
That our greatness may greaten all peoples
'Till none 'gainst his fellow would turn.

Oh, Thou who art Master of Nations,
Unto whom Strength and Wisdom belong,
Illumine our counsels, we pray Thee,
And make us great-hearted and strong!

Victor E. Southworth.

An Anti-enlistment League, whose purpose it is to pledge citizens over eighteen years of age to refrain from enlisting for any military or navy service in war, whether it be offensive or defensive, has been formed with headquarters at 61 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The pledge which the league asks citizens to sign reads:

"I, being over eighteen years of age, hereby pledge myself against enlistment as a volunteer for any military or naval service in international war, offensive or defensive, and against giving my approval to such enlistment on the part of others."—*Advocate of Peace.*

Kansas farmers have discovered that a cream separator will take the alcohol out of cider, just as it takes the cream out of milk, and leave a residuum with a kick in it. As a result the sale of cider has been prohibited in Dodge City.

THE PULPIT

A Series of Seven Sermons—Studies of Shakespearian Women

VI.

The Harmful Ignorance

By **Alexander Webster**

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms."

This striking saying occurs in Shakespeare's most martial and voluptuous play—*Antony and Cleopatra.* It is uttered by a subordinate character—Menecrates—but it contains a truth worthy of consideration.

He enters in the first scene of the second act with Pompey and Menas. In the last scene of the previous act Menecrates and Menas are described to Cæsar by a messenger as "famous pirates that make the sea serve them." These fearsome marines are with Pompey in his house in Messina. Pompey is thinking of the wars threatening and says:

"If the great gods be just, they shall assert
The deeds of greatest men."

Menecrates replies:

"Know worthy Pompey
That what they do delay, they not deny."

and adds:

"We ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

The reference is to Antony, who evidently is begging his own harm in presence of Cleopatra and getting it. When first we are introduced to Mark Antony by Shakespeare, he is an orator charming the Romans with the nectar of his speech. There are traces of selfishness in his words, signs of unscrupulousness, and an evident desire to punish the conspirators. We feel that his devotion to Cæsar is hollow, and though we cannot regard him as altogether hypocritical, we suspect that sordid desires are latent in his heart, ready to take advantage of opportunity.

In the drama bearing Antony's name, Shakespeare has shown what is in the man, and as we realize what he really was we have the terror of his mighty mixed personality. He stands with Macbeth and Richard III as monarchs that begged their own harms, and gained their desire, two of them by help of women.

Antony is thus described by a critic of the play:

"Antony is a singular mixture of contending qualities; brave and generous, yet selfishly luxurious in his habits; a hardy soldier, yet an effeminate man, condescending and affable so far as to drink and jest with his soldiers, yet so proud and imperious as to make princes his vassals, and to bestow upon his sons the vainglorious title of 'the kings of kings.' His virtues and his vices seemed to wrestle for the possession of the man, and though the latter triumphed, yet Antony so sinned that men often admired while they condemned."

In the drama the sensuous influence of Cleopatra makes Antony a malefactor. Her power over him was his ruin.

Shakespeare brought all his power of description to bear upon the voluptuousness of the Egyptian Queen. He endows her with an eloquence of speech matching Antony's, with a vivacity which was a contrast to the flabby massiveness of Antony, and with a mature beauty which infatuated him.

As far as she could be she was sincere, and in her own carnal way she loved Antony, and was blind to the moral ruin she occasioned.

The drama shows what the reign of fleshly lust means, and is an awful revelation of the blinding power of sensuality.

Antony has his compunctious visitings and repentant resolves. When the news of the death of his wife reaches him, he says:

"I must from this enchanting Queen break off,
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth, hatch."

His dalliance with enchantment begot idleness—the fatal inactivity that follows over-indulgence. But it was not easy to escape from Cleopatra's power. She was infatuated with Antony as he with her, and could not endure separation from him. He was to her "the man of men."

He plucked himself away to deal with the wars which Fulvia made to draw him from Egypt.

There, when Cæsar reproached him for breaking his oath, he said:

"Neglected rather;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge."

He was aware of poison in his life, but lustfully he begged more of it, and fell deeper into neglect of duty. He lost the vigor of body belonging to temperance, and prevented spiritual readiness by reckless sensuality. He is obliged to confess:

"I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way forever. . . .
I have fled
I followed that I blush to look upon.
Friends begone. . . .
Nor make replies of loatheness, take the hint
Which my despair proclaims: let that be left
Which leaves itself. . . .
indeed I have lost command."

In all the pathos of Shakespeare there is no more desolate note than that: "Let that be left which leaves itself." It is the wail of the soul which has departed from its best and has no vital quality.

The charm of Cleopatra came again, but in a nauseous moment he said to her:

"You were half blasted ere I knew you. . . .
You have been a boggler ever
But when we in our viciousness grow hard
(O misery on't) the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments make us
Adore our errors, laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
I am sure
Though you may guess what temperance should be
You know not what it is."

Yet he yields to her blandishments:

"Come
Let's have another gaudy night, call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls, once more
Let's mock the midnight bell."

In his wantonness he outstared the lightning. Then came his inglorious suicide, and the last gasp of the sensualized spirit.

Both Antony and Cleopatra were, in a sense, great in their deaths, both self-inflicted. We may say they were sensually doomed. To them the carnal life was natural, yet it was a sin, for it harmed them and

others. We dare not excuse it even when it is congenital, for it is not human but brutal.

They were in their way magnificent; their gaudy nights superbly animalistic. Shakespeare describes their magnificence to the full. The tale of that of Cleopatra told by Enobardus is marvelous. In their conjunction they were massive. But it was all fleshly. There was but little if anything of the spiritual in it. We do not lament for Antony as for Hamlet, nor for Cleopatra as for Desdemona. We acquiesce in Cæsar's verdict:

> "High events as these
> Strike them that make them, and their story is
> No less in pity, than his glory, which
> Brought them to be lamented."

All through the story there seems to sound the warning:

> "They who sow the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

That is really the law which Shakespeare illustrates in this great play. He was no theologian, and did not deal with life from the theologic point of view. But his comprehension of the elements in and of the circumstances of human life generally is so complete that he implicitly includes the human relation to the Divine Law.

Very subtly he shows that, while the ill-starred pair were bent on their own lusts, and thereby their own spiritual harm, the gods, while granting their fleshly prayer, kept hold of their souls. There are many (perhaps unintentional but instructive) evidences of that in the play. Amidst all his carnal emotions, Antony feels pricking of conscience.

It is noticeable that in the first act of the first scene Antony gives himself up entirely to his passion for Cleopatra, and says:

> "There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
> Without some pleasure now."

The reckless, wayward, deluding spirit takes them out as wanderers.

> "All alone
> Tonight we'll wander thro' the streets and note
> The qualities of people."

From that hour they had no rest. Their lives were continuously broken in upon by some fateful intrusion, and always some compunction entered Antony's soul.

The gods struggled with him all through. In the second scene, when the messenger comes with news of mishaps and wars due to his absence in dalliance, he is pricked and opened to censure:

> "Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue, haunt my faults
> With such full license as both truth and malice
> Have power to utter."

When the tidings of his wife's death comes he says:

> ". . . the present pleasure
> By revolution lowering does become
> The opposite of itself."

There is not a scene in any of the acts without some convicting stroke at which Antony winces for an instant and then goes on again.

At the last, his death is almost purely physical. He does not for a moment forget that he is a monarch and has comported himself mightily. He dies strongly, without a visible tremor in the flesh passes as a giant into the shade.

Cæsar, learning the news of his death, said:

> "The death of Antony
> Is not a single doom: in the name lay
> A moiety of the world."

The dying king did indeed feel some spiritual regret, but he suppressed it and said to his guard:

> "Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
> To grace it with your sorrows, bid that welcome
> Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
> Seeming to bear it lightly."

The ruling passion was strong in death and he sought to be borne "where Cleopatra bides."

In her presence he dies. His last words were:

> "Now, my spirit is going
> I can no more."

There is a very subtle touch there. Antony felt his best self for an instant at last, felt that he had a spirit. He could not grasp it, had no power over it, had used it all, and now it was going. Back to the Power that gave it, it went.

> "Then at the balance let's be mute."

With Cleopatra also the spirit wrought. In the second scene of the last act we find her saying:

> "My desolation does begin to make
> A better life."

She, too, in passing, felt herself something more than flesh. She said:

> "I am fire and air, my other elements
> I give to baser life."

By poison she died as by poison she lived. If ever the fleshly life could be made admirable and good, Antony and Cleopatra would have made it so. They took to it by zest of nature and held to it as a supreme joy. To speak of blame is futile.

> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us."

Science shows that such cases are in the line of nature from the animal to the human. They represent the lower stage of human life, a stage as normal and divine in its character as any other. But a stage only, not the final nor most admirable.

On philosophic ground we have to accept the sensual in human nature and recognize its evolutionary aspect. We cannot condemn it as the mediæval theologian did as devilish, nor can we condone it, for we are meant for the spiritual, and to find in it a higher gratification.

This drama is itself a proof of the truth of the words of Menecrates:

> "We, ignorant of ourselves
> Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
> Deny us for our good, so find we profit
> By losing of our prayers."

The words were spoken from a higher plane than that on which Antony and Cleopatra lived.

They had their harmful prayers answered. They had the pleasures of the flesh to the full, but it was not good for them. At their best they were animalish. Here and there a streak of spirituality shines, but in the core of life they were carnal.

Cleopatra's description of Antony fits his giantesque qualities exactly:

> "His legs bestrid the ocean, his reared arm
> Crested the world: his voice was propertied
> As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends
> But when he meant to quail and shake the orb
> He was as rolling thunder. . . .
> His delights
> Were dolphin like: they showed his back above

The element they lived in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets, realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket."

In all that there is not much that is human. The similes are animalistic, as befitting the motions.

Compare the description with Hamlet's idealistic representation of man and see how low it is.

And yet it is through such that the evolving power works. Through Caliban, Antony, Hamlet and Prospero the ascending elements go, seeking perfect incarnation. We see in the lower the promise of the higher man and cannot reprobate him. The lesson of the drama is obvious: "Enhallow thy body as a vehicle of the spirit; let it not be a minister to itself, but to the soul. The flesh in itself should be held sacred, but overruled by the spirit as its master. Only in spirit-mastery is there the true manhood and womanhood. Let no baser passion prevail. The first victory in self-control is won when sensuality is overcome. There is no permanence in any fleshly delight; it is only in the spirit that we have hold of the eternal. The true majesty lies in morality. Of that majesty Antony and Cleopatra had none."

Antony well spoke of the love of love, but he had no conception of spiritual love. Their love was what Emerson called *Demonic Love*:

Shiver the palaces of glass;
Shriveled the rainbow-colored walls. . . .
And the galleries and halls,
Wherein every siren sung,
Like a meteor pass. . . .
And ever the Demonic Love
Is the ancestor of wars
And the parent of remorse.

The love that is truly human is the *Celestial Love*:

This is love's nobility
To hold fast his simple sense
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood
To make his bosom-counsel good.

A QUESTION FOR THE WARRING NATIONS TO RESOLVE.

If the "divine religion" you profess
Be the true type of Christianity,
Would not some slight infusion (more or less)
Of what the vulgar call "humanity"
Be advantageous in a worldly sense
For mortals who must live together here?
The popular kind of which you make pretense
May be well suited for some other sphere
Where saints, translated, live as angels live
In separate mansions in the house on high;
But on this earth where men must take and give
They need a kind that makes them brotherly.
This is a mere suggestion, born indeed
Of carnal reason that "gangs aft agley"
Yet notwithstanding, ventures to implead
Against this "Christian" war's brutality.
The god whose favor you presume to claim
Must be a fighting god like heathen "Mars,"
Or the Jehovah of the Jews, whose name
Was the grand slogan in the Hebrew wars.
How different from the "Ever merciful"
Whose loving kindness as the gentle rain
Descends on all—Christian or infidel—
Despite the curses or the prayers of men.

JOSEPH WOOD.

The women of Birmingham, England, have established a crèche where they receive and care for only the children of women employed in the munitions factories, of which there are many.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

II.

The Persecutions

TEXT: *"We are no rebels: the kingdom founded by Jesus is purely spiritual."—Justin Martyr.*

In order to keep the proper perspective of life, and prevent a fanatical interest in the exciting events of the present time, we must stimulate an interest in the remote events of the period from Augustus Caesar the Great, 30 B. C., down to Constantine, 306 A. D.—in round numbers, three hundred years. Following is a list of the emperors of that period with the parallel notable events:

EMPERORS	EVENTS
B. C. 30 Augustus	
A. D. 14 Tiberius	
37 Caligula	
41 Claudius	
54 Nero	64 Conflagration of Rome
	First persecution
	Death of Paul (?)
69 Vespasian	
	70 Destruction of Jerusalem
79 Titus	79 Eruption of Vesuvius
81 Domitian	
*96 Nerva	
*98 Trajan	
*117 Hadrian	
*138 Pontius Pius	
*161 Marcus Aurelius	
	168 Death of Justin
180 Commodus	
193 Septimius Severus	
211 Caracalla	
218 Elagabalus	
222 Alexander Severus	
	254 Death of Origen
249-251 Decius	
260 Gallienus	
270 Aurelian	
284 Diocletian	
	300 (?) General Persecutions
306 Constantine	

*Good Emperors.

These names deserve some comment. While there are the names of wicked men, there are also the names of strong and forceful men, men who wore crowns when crowns meant something. Nero, the strongest and perhaps the most wicked, ascended the throne in 54 A. D. In 64 occurred one of the great world fires of which we have detailed account. Historians are inclined to explain the reckless persecutions of the Christians following the burning of Rome as being a political expediency on the part of Nero to divert criticism from himself. Some writers speak of ten persecutions, but while it is not clear where one ends and another begins, Nero's is the first authenticated persecution, during which Paul is said to have per-

ished. Six years later another tremendous event occurred, the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, who destroyed the Temple, laid waste the city and scattered its people. This was a fearful blow to the enthusiasm which sustained the believers in the Second Coming and it became necessary to revitalize Christianity with new ideas and new purposes.

The story of the great eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Pompeii, as told by Pliny II, is one of the original documents spoken of by scholars. Pliny, a philosopher, was at a nearby spot when the eruption began and, scientist, historian and scholar that he was, he gathered a few friends together on some kind of launch and with his son, Pliny II, who had some of his father's gifts, sailed out in the bay that they might better see the marvelous eruption. Sailing too near, the elder Pliny lost his life, leaving his son to write a short description of their experience. Read it in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

We are puzzled when we find that the most systematic and extensive persecutions, the greatest martyrdoms, occurred during the reigns of two good emperors, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius,—non-Christian saints of the world. Not alone was Marcus Aurelius the best Roman emperor but one of the best emperors that ever sat on a throne. The one antiquity that stays in the mind of your leader is the splendid bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitoline Hill, Rome, the arm of Aurelius extended to protect his captives from his own soldiers. Magnificent as a work of art, it is as magnificent as an indication of high morals. It remained for Matthew Arnold to come to the vindication of Marcus Aurelius. In his notable essay he points out that as an emperor he was dependent on others for information. The reports came to him of hideous orgies, midnight meetings and rebellious utterances. He was a man of conviction, who believed in enforcing the law. In Rome at that time religion and loyalty were identical. A citizen could do all the thinking he pleased but was not free to form any social compact in a private or secret way without menacing the state. So these Christian coteries with their cryptic signs were regarded as socialists might be regarded in Russia today.

The story of the last emperor in our list, Constantine, who is reputed to have seen the sign of the Cross in the heavens and to have given himself to the cause of Christianity, is partly spoiled by the later claim that there is little evidence that he was ever really a Christian at heart. He probably saw that it was good politics to make friends with this new movement which could not be suppressed. Anyhow, he did float the cross over his army and place government on the side of the new movement.

The old historians have a chapter in ecclesiastical history devoted to what they call the "Apostolic Fathers," who were supposed by the church to be those men who had lived early enough to have seen the apostles, to have received their commission direct from the disciples, or, from Paul. To the hierarchical churches the Catholic and Episcopal, and to a certain extent the Methodist, the authority of the church turns on the story of these Apostolic Fathers of which Clement of Rome, Ignatius the Antiochian, Polycarp of Smyrna and Hermes, perhaps of Rome, are representatives. There are left fragments of their writings. Ignatius is credited with having left twelve letters, seven lost and five genuine surviving.

Of these Fathers, Justin the Martyr is perhaps the most interesting. Much that he has written survives and his description of his conversion makes a very interesting document of this period. He tells how he went from one school to another trying to find the truth. In turn he was interested in the Peripatetic, the Pythagorian and Stoic schools, until finally he met "an old man of a pleasant countenance and with a gentle and dignified mien," who directed his thought to the Prophets of God and "in his soul a flame was fired, and a passion of love arose in him for these prophets, the friends of Christ."

Most valuable and interesting original documents are found in thirty or forty pamphlets issued by the University of Pennsylvania under the title of "Translations and Reprints from Original Sources," published irregularly and by different departments of the University. In No. 1 of Vol. IV, The Early Christian Persecutions, we have an account of the Persecution under Nero by Tacitus. After a vivid description of the suffering of the Christians he says:

"Although they were criminals who deserved the most severe punishment, yet a feeling of pity arose since they were put to death not for the public good but to satisfy the rage of an individual."

Pliny reports to Emperor Trajan in the words of a high, clean cultured gentleman:

"It is my custom, my lord, to refer to you all things concerning which I am in doubt. For who can better guide my indecision or enlighten my ignorance?

"I have never taken part in the trial of Christians: hence I do not know for what crime or to what extent it is customary to punish or investigate.....

"Meanwhile I have followed this procedure in the case of those who have been brought before me as Christians. I asked them whether they were Christians a second and third time and with threats of punishment I questioned those who confessed, I ordered those who were obstinate to be executed. For I did not doubt that, whatever it was they confessed, their stubborness and inflexible obstinacy ought certainly to be punished....."

Trajan replies that—

"You have followed the correct procedure, my Secundus, in conducting the cases of those who were accused before you as Christians for no general rule can be laid down as a set form. They ought not to be sought for..... In the case of no crime should attention be paid to anonymous charges, for they afford a bad precedent and are not worthy of our age."

Joseph Crooker quotes from another original document Justin's description of a church service, the first original account of the Christian Sunday service.

In the book of Eusebius the story of Blandina is told at some length and she stands as a typical, clearly defined Christian martyr.

The times we are studying were not "degraded pagan times," as our phraseology so often states. Many other new religions and men were at work trying to revitalize the world. Mithraism, a metaphysical development of Parseism, was much abroad and Stoicism offered a very good parallel to Christianity on its ethical side, and had noble representatives in Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius.

Enough is left to us of the fragments of the writings of these times to enable us to realize the vicissitudes human history is subjected to by two great vandal forces. And we realize that the catastrophies of na-

ture,—fire, storm, volcano and earthquake,—are all innocent compared with the vandalism of war.

QUESTIONS

1. State in a general way the causes of the persecutions of the early Christians.
2. During what period did they occur?
3. Name two emperors who may be termed non-Christian Saints.
4. Have we original material upon which to base an opinion of the rulers and events of this time?
5. Mention some of the ethical cults in vogue and their most noble representatives.

THE BOOK LOVER

Poems by Carlotta Perry

In telling UNITY readers of the poems of the late Carlotta Perry I am actuated by three motives: First, to acquaint those who may not know them with their beauty; second, to lay my wreath of love and gratitude upon her memory; and third, that all who love poetry may be influenced to purchase a copy of the Memorial Edition of her poems, which was edited by Helen Ekin Starrett, and privately published by a friend of Miss Perry's as her monument, rather than the erection of a stone over her grave.

This small volume contains but a fraction of her poems, but they are gems of beauty, many of them suggesting the simple strength and beauty of Emily Dickinson's; and contains, also, memorial sketches by Mrs. Starrett and Kate Upson Clarke.

Miss Perry's parents were among the pioneer settlers of Michigan,—New Englanders who believed in "plain living and high thinking," and even in those troublous days managed to provide *good* literature, if not *abundant*, for their children, and give them the best educational advantages the new west afforded. Early in her life Miss Perry's parents became residents of Wisconsin and in due time she became a member of that group of women writers of Wisconsin whose names outgrew the boundaries of the state and became well-known in the leading magazines of the East, —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Sarah D. Hobart, Hattie Tyng Griswold, Kate Upson Clarke and others, while her contemporaries in the East were Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Helen Hunt Jackson, Nora Perry and Louise Chandler Moulton, with all of whom she was acquainted in varying degrees and with many of whom she had correspondence as her busy life permitted.

Carlotta Perry began teaching school when very young, but the instinct to write which very early manifested itself, was so very insistent that she soon gave up teaching and devoted herself to writing. Besides the Milwaukee and Chicago papers in which her first poems were printed, her work soon found its way into the New York *Sun*, the New York *Independent*, the Boston *Transcript*, *Youth's Companion*, and in the *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, *Galaxy*, and other standard magazines, and was widely copied.

Small and exquisite of body, shy as a humming bird, large and noble of mind, she quietly came and so quietly lived among us that only a few, comparatively, knew that the writer whose poems they so often saw in their favorite magazine, was their neighbor.

Do you recall Mrs. Browning's expression about the world's indifference to contemporary genius,—"No one counts the eagles in the nest 'till there is a rush of wings: and lo! they are flown"?

In 1888 Miss Perry's first book of poems was published by a Chicago house, and one reviewer thus spoke of it: "In these days when the influence of the metaphysical and sensuous schools of poetry seems all but paramount, the effect of Miss Perry's verses is a cluster of field daisies in a mass of hot-house flowers, all the more charming for their surroundings; for if Miss Perry is not a great poetess she is a charming one, and there are very many to whom her simpler songs will appeal much more strongly than the more florid (not to say torrid) productions of contemporaneous singers."

For over a quarter of a century, with brief interruptions like a winter in California or another in the South, Miss Perry lived in Chicago until March of 1914, her songful soul winged itself hither and loving hands carried the small casket back to Wisconsin, where, in the beautiful cemetery at Watertown, it was placed beside the grave of her mother.

Miss Perry was a true poet, an honor to her state, and Wisconsin should honor her memory by placing a copy of her poems in every public library and school library in the state; and if the coming generation could be made to know the beauty and philosophy of the two following poems only, Carlotta Perry's noble life and song will bear rich fruit:

RESPONSIBILITY

"Noblesse Oblige."

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then
To you the braver deeds belong;
And so again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis your's with freer hand to give,
'Tis your's with truer grace to live,
Than I who giftless, sunless stand
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook
To turn the wheel;
Unto the larger stream we look;
The strength of steel
We do not ask from silken band,
Nor heart of oak from willow wand;
We do not ask the wren to go
Up to the heights the eagles know;
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note
From out the dove's dumb throat.

'Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code—
By love inpsired—
Of him on whom much is bestowed
Is much required.
The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king;
The rushing stream the wheel must move;
The tempered steel its strength must prove;
'Tis given with the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

HAPPINESS.

'Tis not the festal banquet board,
Where free the wine's red blood is poured,
'Tis not the cup filled to the brim,
With jewels sparkling at the rim;
'Tis not the wreath and cluster tied
With all the florist's skill and pride;
'Tis not the viol's ringing tune,
Nor yet the blue sky of mid-June,
The leaf of bay upon the brow,
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor passion's vow,
With which of fair necessity,
Doth Happiness keep company.

More often 'tis the meager drop
On the cup's edge: the crumb that falls
Where the full furnished banquet palls;
The tangled vines that rudely stop
The hurrying feet; November's gray;
The windsown flowers along the way;
A low voice and a simple rune
Above the viol's ringing tune;
The loose beads in the open hand
Rather than pearl or diamond strand:—
'Tis these know best her flitting face,
Her fleeting smiles, her wayward grace;
'Tis these she makes her messengers,
That oftenest are her ministers.

She is not found of those who seek;
She doth not answer those who speak:
The places men with selfish care
For her abiding oft prepare,
She knows them not; the bonds they make
To snare her feet, those doth she break,
And fleeing from them, in unknown,
Unlooked for ways doth find her own.

She is that strange, elusive thing,
The queen of life who knows no king;
Who doth the heart of hope inspire,
Whom all men dream of, all desire;
Whom all men fail to recognize
What time she looks into their eyes,
And yet of whom they sadly say,
"'Twas thus and thus on such a day
She came to us; 'tis thus and thus,
Some day she will come back to us."

In her own times, in her own ways,
Unsought she comes, unsought she stays;
Nor smiles can win, nor tears restrain,
And prayers and sighs she holds in vain.
But anywhere, upon a throne,
Or in drear paths, she knows her own.
With whom she listeth so doth she,
Sweet Happiness, keep company.

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

A Religious Home of the Liberal Faith

By W. C. Gannett.

How can we wake in our children the passion for moral ideals and the sense of spirit-horizons in all things?

Mainly by what we *are*, of course. No household rite, however helpful and dear has, or can have, such power to make children reverence and strive towards the highest as the example of simple, steady loyalty to the highest on the part of the mother and father. A home in which Right is the unquestioned law, the permanent "cause" of the day, in which the life of the elders turns around the Right as planets around their sun,—that home is the church of churches for young hearts privileged to live in it. Wherever enthusiasm for moral ideals utters itself in habits of duty and self-forgetting, there is the worship in spirit and in truth, of which prayer uttered in words is only an echo. We must live prayer before and after we speak it, or there is no prayer. But lived prayer is almost irresistible: the little ones "catch" the family gravitation towards the ideals. To watch goodness is to imitate goodness both in the nursery and in the world. They have a right to expect beautiful things of us parents, and they do. For a few years we are embodied ideals, religion made visible, to our children —what Jesus is to the mind of Christendom. "Mother, which is the best man, Washington, or Lincoln, or Jesus, or Father?" asked a small boy. Alas, they find us out full soon! First and last and always, then, it is what we parents *are* that in this matter counts.

But this, so automatic and unconscious, is not the only way. Another way is to try with *conscious* aim and plan to quicken in children the spirit of reverence and delight and the instinct of self-consecration whenever Beauty, Goodness, Truth confronts them. Anything like flippancy concerning things worthy of reverence is in a parent the unforgivable sin; and the second sin is like unto it,—indifference to such things. To a child's sense of holiness in goodness and beauty it is like frost in May. I have seen a home, not without high ideals and noble practice, fairly blackened by flippancy, become a household habit. On the other hand, because the expression of feeling deepens and enlarges the feeling, and because beautiful feeling expressed adds grace to face and character and life, blessed are the children who grow up in homes where such expression overflows in natural abundance. In other words, blessed the homes where "worship" in simple forms is as natural an expression of the household reverence as kisses are of the household love. Let me try to picture a home of this kind, or rather to picture the children under its influences,—a religious home of the liberal faith.

From something in their mother's face, their father's voice, the children in it learn to speak the name "God" with a pause and hush, like an obeisance. The other name, "Our Father,"—a household word—may bring at times the quiet smile that unaware steals on a face that looks at something beautiful. These names will early seem to them the mystic names for some unbounded fact of Love and Goodness, and each year they will feel their meaning deepen until God becomes to them *the Living Unity of All Ideals*. As for other theology than this, I should a hundred times more want my children to catch religious feeling than religious doctrine, yet, instead of fearing to teach them doctrine, I should fear not to teach them mine. In that little divinity school of ours the two professors would use much picture-talk, but the familiar rounding phrase would be, "It's something *like* this, dear; both you and we will better understand it by and by;" so that the small students would have good chance to keep an open mind and become the child agnostics that they must to be religious, and at the same time chance to be child-poets Nature made them. Our hope would be that, as they grew in years, the agnostic in them would not disfellowship the poet, nor the poet in them the agnostic. But I think few gifts that we could give them would be more helpful than a knowledge of the great, glad truths we call "the liberal faith;" little, therefore, that we parents owe them more. We want to *prejudice* our children towards the Beautiful and Good as we have learnt to recognize them. To refuse to give the best we know of God, to refuse on any score,—humility, incompetence or what not,—to leave their thought of God to playmates, or the nurse-girl, or the Sunday School teacher, or the minister, without the best that *we* can give,—it seems another instance of the Great Refusal!

I am not sure that they would be fond of saying "the Lord's prayer," but we should want them to feel unbathed, unclad and queer and mean, if at morning and at night their little knees did not bend and their

hearts say, or think, some direct love-token to the Great Love that gives them—all the rest and then their mother's and their father's love! The meal-times in their home would always have a touch of sacrament. At breakfast time some simple word of thankfulness, so read or said or sung that even the little children could take some part in it with a dim, cuddling sense. At other meals a moment's prelude, —a hush, heads bowed, hand in each other's hand around the circle. Little things like these made natural part of every day,—informal, simple, real,—they count for much in heart-life. Home-talks of a Sunday afternoon and evening song,—these too, if possible, should come within the children's week.

And they would have no need to go each child to the Sunday School to learn the Bible stories, for before they were ten years old they would know the stories from the least unto the greatest of them—all but the mean and bloody ones—by readings and re-tellings on our knees, and bright, free, glancing conversations with us and each other; just as with other stories in their other "Heart of Oak" books. There would be frankness from the first about the Bible. Fairy-tales and fables, folk-lore and legends elsewhere met, would correlate to them with many a Bible story; and they would understand that the whole book was one long, many-chaptered story of the way in which a child-people of far away time learnt through much ill-doing to be good; and that what we were to think "holy" in our home was as different from much of what the Old Testament calls holy as a good-night kiss differs from a good-night whipping,—of which, by the way, they would only know by reputation! By fifteen they would know by heart a hundred mighty Bible verses and a score of noble passages, and English literature would not be full of Bible holes to them because they did not recognize a hero or allusion. We should hope that the good-times with the Bible in their childhood would keep them from ever throwing it aside like an outgrown school-book; that they would know the paths to Bible heights and all their lives would love to climb them, as they would love the outdoor mountains because of summer tramps in childhood.

I hardly know what Jesus would be to the children in this home today. It would much depend on whether to the parents he were a "comrade," or a "symbol." It would depend in part upon the temperament of the child. To the boys he would probably be less real than Washington and Lincoln and too shadowy for friendship; but in their class, with something added, —a holier "what we all should be" than they. Yet "Would Jesus do this?" not a frequent thought to them. To the girls he might seem more like a mystic brother, all good, all beautiful. When they heard of a deed of pure self-sacrifice they might think, "That is like him!" When these boys and girls grew up, we should hope, whatever they themselves thought of him, they would not find it hard to understand how to many minds the "mystic Brother" and the "mystic Father" might seem very one.

Would they go to Sunday School, these children? Not unless the school were one that had the child-church feeling through it; nor unless the teacher were a reverent, earnest, loving soul, so much should we wish reverence, earnestness and lovingness connected in their minds with "religion." But such schools often are, and such teachers many. *If* they went, they would go as steadily as to their day-school; and we parents would back the efforts of the school; we would be interested in the lessons and talk them over with the children; we would counsel with and thank their teachers,—and the children should understand that our gratitude was real.

And would they go to church? I am sure they would, and be by our side in the pew. Always? No; when little, rather as a treat and a reward; then more and more regularly; always with a warm sense of "togetherness" and good-time in the going, as in the lines of Coleridge:

> "To walk together to the kirk
> With a goodly company;
> To walk together to the kirk,
> And all together pray,
> While each to his great Father bends,
> Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
> And youths and maidens gay."

Through sermon-time, while they were small, a story-book would be along; but by and by for twelve-year-olds a season of "reporting" sermons would set in,—and enjoyed and in several ways a helpful practice when parents cheerily co-operate. It would be the parent's study to make church-going a gladness, with elements of festival about it. The going together, the sitting in the quiet side by side, the sense of friends around, the sense that all had come to face ideals and keep an hour's tryst with God between the busy weeks,—by the time they were eighteen all this should go far to establish church-love for life.

We should hope that the children when grown up would remember the old Sundays in the home as on the whole the dear day of the week. A day with a pleasant difference about it, a not unwelcomed self-restraint; the day of days for love and ingathering, for fellowship with one another on high levels, for quiet communion with beauty in books and in Nature; a day of re-creation, facing God-wards.

The minister—should the grace of God be on him, and of course we should want that kind—would be to the children one associated with welcomes at the gate and fireside intimacies, like one of ourselves come home. When little, there would be a seat upon his knees, and expectation of the stories he had ready for them. When older, he would be an outside father, quite convenient on occasions when the inside one was meticulous and troublesome. When older still, they would not dream of letting any one but him marry them, or christen their children, or speak for them the last Goodbyes, when death came to call the mother and father onward.

Do you say, these are only dream-children and this a dream-home? I say, No; this is but the picture of a home in which the parents have not made the "Great Refusal," the abdication of their highest function. It is the picture of a home in which the father and the mother have *rejoiced* in their responsibility for the spiritual upbringing of a little soul—God's child and their's—and done with conscious aim and plan their humble, faithful best.

The blessedness of life depends far more upon its interests than upon its comforts.

George MacDonald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

To The Editor:

Only a very serious condition forces us to make this kind of an appeal. Will you print as much of it as possible?

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
United Charities of Chicago.

There has been a striking misconception on the part of citizens and the general public that because we have a situation somewhat below the high pinnacle of distress that was reached during the last winter, the United Charities has no problem of distress to meet this year.

This is a dangerous fallacy that people should not persist in holding to, as is evidenced by the fact that over 21,000 human beings in 4,700 families were in such a state of distress as to be forced to apply to the United Charities for assistance last month, mostly helpless, suffering children—no able-bodied men.

The grievous suffering of last winter and spring has brought men formerly strong and able-bodied down to a state where hundreds of them are now physically incapacitated and helplessly dependent. The public generally does not realize the awful after effects of a winter of terrible suffering like the winter of a year ago. Men, women and children, after being underfed, improperly housed and poorly clad for a long period of time, often become entirely dependent as a result of their sufferings through illness and other troubles. Recent epidemics increased Chicago's death rate so materially that the health department was obliged to take extraordinary measures to prevent the spread of disease and these epidemics mowed down their victims in far greater numbers in the poorly housed sections of the city. Small landlords and small butchers and grocers are loath to extend credit to the families who last year strained their credit to the utmost, and these families still owe bills.

We put these facts before you as a plain duty to these fellow townsmen of ours and yours, whose suffering will increase unless YOU come to their rescue. We say solemnly that some of these little children will die unless they receive the sustenance and the skilled ministration which you can provide through this organization which acts as your agency, standing always ready immediately to act to relieve suffering.

We say they will receive relief, but they will only receive it provided the means of support are contributed. The suffering in some parts of Europe will not exceed the suffering here, mostly among helpless women and children, if the city-wide, non-sectarian, general charity work of Chicago's largest single organization is compelled to falter because of lack of funds.

UNITED CHARITIES OF CHICAGO.

Send checks to David R. Forgan, Treasurer, 168 North Michigan Avenue.

IMPORTANT BOSTON MEETING

An important series of meetings has been planned for Sunday afternoons at the Old South Meeting House, corner of Milk and Washington Streets, Boston. An announcement appears in our advertising columns. The purpose is to carry the American idealism of the past, with which the Old South Meeting House was so notably related, into the great problems of America today. The spirit and purpose of the meetings is indicated by the list of topics and speakers:

Feb. 20, Dr. Samuel Schulman of New York, The Future of the Jew in America; March 5, Raymond Fosdick of New York, Policing a Great City; March 19, Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell University, The Ethics of Nationality; April 2, Pres. W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University, The Meaning of America. George W. Coleman will preside.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

Could we but know with spoken words,
What good or harm they'll do,
More carefully we'd weigh each thought,
Before another knew.
And we expressed the word which might,
Much pain or sorrow cause.
We'd longer think, before we spoke,
And heed our Saviour's laws.

The Golden Rule would be our guide,
We would not wish to harm.
Ah! to foresee results of words
Would often cause alarm.
So oft a little, thoughtless word
Will bear a hidden sting
That wounds some heart to which we would
Not wish to, sorrow bring.

Then let us ever careful be
In thoughts we may express,
For if they wound another's heart,
'Tis hard to give redress:
'Tis easier to keep a thought
Than to recall a word;
Be careful then to not condemn
A soul that hath not erred.

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Prof. Richards of Yale enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. Such was the case when one of the students said to him, "Professor, would you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?" "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip." Quick as a flash came the reply, "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

I had
A little boat on a little sea
When I was a little child;
And the little boat and the little sea
Had a storm that was fierce and wild.
And the little boat tossed on the sea
In the storm so fierce and wild.

I have
A larger boat on a larger sea
Now I am a grown-up child,
And the larger boat and the larger sea
Have storms that are fierce and wild;
And my larger boat rocks on the sea
As though I were still a child.

There came
A little calm on my little sea
When I was a little child;
It spread from shore to shore for me
And all the waves were mild.
And now
There are days of calm on my larger sea
As the calm of a little child.

HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

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You can call it either charity or advertising, it makes no difference to us as long as we accomplish the results we are after, but we will give fifty pounds of coal free every day, as we have for the past three winters, on presentation at any of our yards listed below of our coal certificates, which may be had from any Physician, Minister, Priest, Rabbi, Newspaper, the Salvation Army, the Volunteers of America, Associated Charities, the Visiting Nurses' Association, any Woman's Club or Charitable Organization. And we give it freely without any fuss or foolishness.

Last year we distributed 70,720 fifty pound lots of Consumers coal. You may call them advertising samples or charity just as you choose. In either event we *know* that we kept 70,720 *families warm.* This is our Christmas offering and in this manner *we propose to make Christmas last all winter.* If we profit by it later—when these good folks are in position to become *paying* customers, you won't care, will you? We think not.

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Consumers Company

Jacob W. Upham

President

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7476 Rogers Ave., Rogers Park 314
Lincoln Ave., and Grace Street, Lake View 547
Division and Hooker Sts., Superior 1540
1240 Belmont Ave., Lake View 3456
936 North Branch St., Superior 6117
Foot of So. Water St., Randolph 2125
1100 N. Halsted St., Dock, Superior 300

NORTHWEST SIDE

1733 N. Kildare Ave., Belmont 7657
1800 N. Crawford Ave., Belmont 3456

Location and phone Number—

2915 N. California Ave., Monticello 2613
4553 Armitage Ave., Belmont 6839
1769 Milwaukee Ave., Humboldt 357
3801 Milwaukee Ave., Irving 22

WEST SIDE

Kedzie Ave. and Kinzie St., Garfield 3456
342 N. Oakley Ave. West 443
Wood St. and Carroll Ave. West 246
2512 West Fulton St. West 1223
Kenton and Park Ave. Austin 37

SOUTHWEST SIDE

Blue Island Ave. and Wood St., Canal 1515
18th and Sangamon Sts. Canal 1737
18th Place and Western Ave. Canal 500

Location and phone number—

SOUTH SIDE

44th and Federal Sts. Armour [Ave.] Kenwood 3456
71st St. and S. Chicago Ave. Stewart 4567
1311 State St. [team track] Calumet 917
26th St. and So. Park Ave. Calumet 3799
61st St. and Blackstone Ave. [Wash. Ave.] Hyde Park 131
34th St. and Racine Ave. Yards 890
35th and Normal Ave. Yards 2841
35th and Federal Sts. [Armour Ave.] Douglas 3103
47th and Normal Ave. Yards 632
59th and Wallace Sts. Wentworth 1076
54th St. and Lake Ave. Midway 3456